Hath robd my strong knit sinnews of their strength,
And force perforce needes must I rest my selfe.

Enter *Edward*.

Edw. Smile gentle heauens or strike vngentle death,
That we maie die vnlesse we gaine the daie:
What fatall starre malignant frownes from heauen
Vpon the harmelesse line of *Yorkes* true house?

Enter *George*.

George. Come brother, come, lets to the field againe,
For yet theres hope inough to win the daie:
Then let vs backe to cheere our fainting Troupes,
Lest they retire now we haue left the field,
War. How now my lords: what hap, what hope of good?

Enter *Richard* running.

Rich. Ah *Warwike*, why haste thou withdrawne thy selfe
Thy noble father in the thickest thronges,
Cride still for *Warwike* his thrise valiant son,
Vntill with thousand swords he was beset,
And manie wounds made in his aged brest,
And as he tottering sate vpon his steede,
He wast his hand to me and cride aloud:
Richard, commend me to my valiant sonne,
And still he cride *Warwike* reuenge my death,
And with those words he tumbled off his horse,
And so the noble Salsbury gaue vp the ghost.
War. Then let the earth be drunken with his bloud,
Ile kill my horse because I will not flie:
And here to God of heauen I make a vow,
Neuer to passe from forth this bloudy field
Till I am full reuenged for his death.
Edw. Lord *Warwike*, I doe bend my knees with thine,
And

And in that vow now ioine my soule to thee,
Thou setter vp and puller downe of kings,
vouchsafe a gentle victorie to vs,
Or let vs die before we loose the daie:
George. Then let vs haste to cheere the souldiers harts,
And call them pillers that will stand to vs,
And hiely promise to remunerate
Their trustie seruice, in these dangerous warres.
Rich. Come, come a waie, and stand not to debate,
For yet is hope of fortune good enough.
Brothers, giue me your hands, and let vs part
And take our leaues vntill we meet againe,
Where ere it be in heauen or in earth.
Now I that neuer wept, now melt in wo,
To see these dire mishaps continue so.
Warwike farewel.
War. A waie a waie, once more sweet Lords farewell.

Exeunt Omnes.

Alarmes, and then enter *Richard* at one dore
and *Clifford* at the other.

Rich. A *Clifford* a *Clifford*.
Clif. A *Richard* a *Richard*.
Rich. Now *Clifford*, for *Yorke* & young *Rutlands* death,
This thirsty sword that longs to drinke thy bloud,
Shall lop thy limmes, and slise thy cursed hart,
For to reuenge the murders thou hast made.
Clif. Now *Richard*, I am with thee here alone,
This is the hand that stabd thy father *Yorke*,
And this the hand that slew thy brother *Rutland*,
And heres the heart that triumphs in their deathes,
And cheeres these hands that slew thy sire and brother,

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